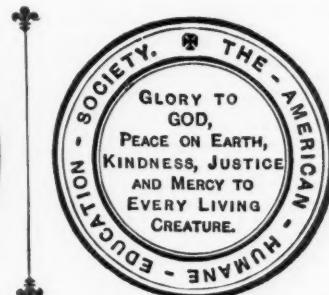


Our Dumb Animals.

"The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals," "The American Humane Education Society," and "The American Band of Mercy."

"WE SPEAK FOR
THOSE THAT



CANNOT SPEAK
FOR THEMSELVES."

I would not enter on my list of friends,
Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,
Yet wanting sensibility, the man
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.—COWPER.

Vol. 36.

Boston, September, 1903.

No. 4.



ST. PETER'S, ROME.

OUR AMERICAN HUMANE EDUCATION SOCIETY'S
PRIZE OFFER OF \$200 FOR THE BEST
PLAN OF PREVENTING STRIKES.

The eighty-eight plans received from various parts of our country which have complied with the conditions of the offer are now in the hands of the committee [as good

as can be found in Boston]—one appointed by His Excellency Governor John L. Bates—one by His Honor Patrick A. Collins, Mayor of Boston—and the third by the other two. The names of the committee will not be made known until their report is rendered. We hope that great good for our country and the world may result.

FIDDLING WHILE ROME WAS BURNING.

We have had in Boston a great convention of some twenty-five thousand teachers, and all through their programme we have not found one word about humane education, which is a hundred times more important to the future of our country than any subject that convention considered.

Our American Humane Education Society [first of its kind in the world] with its over fifty-five thousand "Bands of Mercy"—millions of copies of humane publications—and mottoes, "Glory to God," "Peace on Earth," "Kindness, Justice, and Mercy to Every Living Creature," [both human and dumb]—is doing what it can for the prevention of cruelty and crime, and the protection of property and life, but needs a hun-

dred times the power it now has to meet the great and growing dangers to our country.

And when we think of this great convention of teachers, without one word for humane education, devoting its time to discussion of questions comparatively unimportant, our thoughts go back to that Roman emperor who fiddled while Rome was burning.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

THAT TERRIBLE EXPLOSION AT LOWELL.

[What "Listener" says in *Boston Evening Transcript* of August 1st]:—

If the inconceivable force of the smokeless gunpowder and nitro-glycerine exploded at Lowell the other day had been exerted through the big guns of the army or navy upon some fortified town like San Juan or Porto Rico, Santiago, or Manila, in what different terms we should be speaking of the execution done. "Superbly effective" would be the comment of teachers and students of the glorious art of destruction at military academies. As a lesson in the dynamics of sapping and mining, engineering and artillery students would have studied it for generations to come. Think of a mine exploded so as to result in the wrecking of seventy-one buildings at one blow. Think of knocking hors de combat over one hundred people at once, and killing a score besides. If the operators of the mine, watching with their field-glasses, as the knob was touched which sent the electric spark under water perhaps a mile or two away, had seen the half-dozen men who were blown entirely to pieces, together with the team of horses they were at work with, utterly disappear in the twinkling of an eye, what a "record" in modern skill in explosives would have been chronicled. What an exhibition of the power of the modern appliances of war, that within the field of the artillery officers' glasses, houses collapsed as if they were paper bags or seemed to crumble as if they were of sand, human bodies were hurled into the air and torn to pieces, horses swept along above the ground for a distance of a quarter of a mile, human limbs borne on the gale like the limbs of trees in a cyclone, and seventy-one homes converted into kindling-wood. If fire were calculated upon to lend its completing work to the rending shock of the mine, as it did in Lowell, and in five minutes after the explosion there should be thirteen buildings blazing at once, what a masterpiece of modern warfare would have been achieved!

How the war correspondents would throw in, with graphic touches, such details as the boys in the river torn to pieces by the flying shards, the scattered family goods, the crowded ranks of wounded in overrun hospitals. The soon-ensuing death of the worst sufferers, welcomed as a release from hopeless wounds, the long drawn-out existence of others in crippled misery and disfigurement for life, victims whose fate is probably worse than death, the grief and poverty and privation, sickness and separation in homes resulting therefrom, especially among children and the aged, which are incidents of the Lowell catastrophe, are inevitably the incidents likewise of every "famous victory," where the latest and best-known means of destructive energy are assembled, in charge of men from war academies trained to put them into effective operation. Repulsive as the mere thinking of such things is, so long as war lasts the real things themselves must come. Every one of us is responsible for it, in greater or less degree, and we must be willing to look such horror in the face, as we have had to do in the Lowell catastrophe. It is only by such contemplation that we can realize what war means—what an abnormality it is, what madness, what a crime it is for nations and governments to bring to bear upon one another's mainly innocent peoples the fearful weapons that modern science puts into their hands.

The age may come in the not distant future in which war will seem as horrible as cannibalism seems to our own day. I believe that America still has the great practical contribution of peace to add to its other gifts to mankind. Hon. SAMUEL W. McCALL.

(From *Collier's Weekly*.)

MAHAN AND ROOSEVELT.

From editorial in *Collier's Weekly* of August 1st, [one of the most influential of our American journals], we take the following:

"Captain Mahan occupies the highest place among naval writers. He is not only the foremost living authority on naval matters; he has superseded other authors and become the weightiest authority, living or dead, on warfare at sea. In England, where the navy is part of the national safety to a degree equalled in no other country, and where, therefore, naval subjects are studied with intensity, any magazine article by Captain Mahan is discussed far and wide, and his books are the basis on which English critics rest. Technical knowledge and large, penetrating insight into the special subject are combined with political wisdom, and his writings are almost as notable for understanding of history as for original and illuminating views of war. His opinions about our need of Hawaii, of an Isthmian canal, or of Porto Rico, are the best that the world affords, and so are his opinions about our need of ships. Captain Mahan's view is that we ought to be reasonably free from attack. He considers not only the enormous difficulty of carrying coal across the ocean, which would give us the advantage over a much stronger navy, but also the complications of European politics, which would make it impossible for any nation safely to send her whole fleet across the Atlantic. He advises only so large a navy as would make us reasonably secure when this vast natural advantage of position is reckoned as one of our safeguards. England is not only cheek by jowl with other great navies; a channel of twenty-one miles divides her from an army of about six hundred thousand men. Yet the President of the United States declares that "we need a navy equal, ship for ship, to the navy of any other nation." Because England, in mortal peril, straining every nerve, must build as many ships as any two warlike powers combined, we must build as many ships as England. It is estimated that it would cost us nearly a thousand million dollars to arrive where Britain is now, to say nothing of extending with her extensions. Even with national calamity a constant menace, the strain of naval expenses often causes grumbling in England. We believe in a navy strong enough to protect our vital interests against any probable danger; but when the situation is discussed by the President as if our dangers and needs were similar to those of England, we are compelled to believe that Mr. Roosevelt is reaching conclusions with his combative temperament and not with his brain; and we may perhaps be allowed to recommend to all as an antidote to the President's exciting pleas, a careful reading of the writings of that American whose judgment and deep knowledge of the subject have so favorably impressed the world."

War is the concentration of all human crimes.

WILLIAM ELLERY CHANNING.

IS THERE A MORE IMPORTANT QUESTION?

Is there a more important question before the American people to-day than whether each adult able-bodied person shall be permitted to work as many hours as he or she pleases, for such wages as he or she agrees, or be tied to unions which give to the poorest and laziest workers the same prices earned by the best and most valuable? And how can this question be rightly settled except at the ballot-box by the present or new political parties peacefully, without destruction of life or property; and what more useful work is being done to-day towards such a settlement than that of our American Humane Education Society and its over fifty thousand "Bands of Mercy"?

GEO. T. ANGELL.

GOD SAVE THE STATE.

(Tune: "America.")

A song to be sung in every "Band of Mercy":

God bless our native land!
Firm may it ever stand
Through storm and night;
When the wild tempests rave,
Ruler of winds and wave,
Do Thou our country save
By Thy great might.

For her our prayer shall rise
To God above the skies;
On Him we wait;
Thou who art ever nigh,
Guarding with watchful eye,
To Thee aloud we cry
God save the State!

OUR PRIZE OFFER OF \$200 FOR THE BEST PLAN OF PREVENTING STRIKES.

The above offer is not the first of its kind. Nine years ago we offered, in behalf of our "American Humane Education Society," \$100 for the best short essay, not exceeding three thousand words, on the best plan of peacefully settling the difficulties between capital and labor; also another \$100 for the best short essay, not exceeding three thousand words, on the best plan of preventing poverty and relieving the poor.

THROUGH SPACE WITHOUT LIMIT AND TIME WITHOUT END.

We have hundreds of times studied the grandeur of mountains and oceans, in summer and winter, in sunshine and storm, in our own and other lands.

We have hundreds of times, in the great cathedrals and churches of our own country and Europe, listened to music that has carried our thoughts far above this little world we inhabit.

But we have never been more filled with wonder and admiration, and profound gratitude to the Almighty, than when on calm and beautiful nights we have looked up into the quiet heavens and watched the stars moving in grand procession across the sky, and thought of the Infinite Power that created and controls them in their great revolutions through space without limit and time without end.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

We need not tell the readers of *Our Dumb Animals* how frequently and nobly Ella Wheeler Wilcox has spoken for those that cannot speak for themselves.

In the Chicago *Evening American* now before us, we find her appeal to the city of Chicago for fountains to supply suffering horses with water, and she asks why so many useless statues are put in public places instead of ornamental watering-troughs.

When, with others, we started our M. S. P. C. A. in Boston, one of the first things we did was to secure twenty drinking fountains for animals, and nothing since then has more frequently given us pleasure than to see the thirsty horses almost constantly around the Dorothea L. Dix and Gifford fountains we had at a later period the pleasure of building.

POPE LEO.

We are glad to find in *Boston Evening Transcript* of August 1st an acknowledgment that Pope Leo was one of the earliest promoters of the Italian Society P. C. to Animals. Many years ago, with the kind assistance of Archbishop Williams, Vice President of our American Humane Education Society and Massachusetts S. P. C. A., we sent him a large box of our humane publications and letter asking his assistance to enable us to extend our work in Roman Catholic countries, and received a most kind and encouraging reply.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

(From *The Evening Times*, Bay City, Mich.)

WATER FOR DUMB ANIMALS.

A man was driving a beautiful horse. At the roadside was a watering trough. The animal swerved from the road. Its delicate muzzle was quivering, and a short whinny said as plain as a horse can talk, "Master, I am very thirsty; please can I have a drink?"

The answer was a jerk on the reins, a blow with the whip, and the rig disappeared in a cloud of dust.

That was cruelty—unthinking cruelty—and it brings up the whole question of hot weather treatment of animals.

Is your horse given water frequently? Do you give your dog and your cat water as often as they desire it, or do you simply guess they will find all the water they need?

The owner of any animal, large or small, who does not think of these things is not fit to own a dumb brute. Not to provide for the wants of domestic animals and pets is cruelty that causes torture. It is not safe to trust to an animal's finding food or drink. In a wild state they were able to do this. Domesticated they have learned to rely on man, and in many instances they have met with base betrayal. Water is as essential as food. In the hot days of July and August it really comes before food.

Kindness to animals is more than kindness; it is justice.

The man who beats a horse can be reached by the law, although too seldom does he meet with his just deserts.

The man who does not beat his horse and who gets to water him for long periods can seldom be reached by the law, and yet his cruelty is far greater than temporary pain that follows the feel of the lash.

Think about these things. Remember how it feels when your own throat is dry and parched, and look after the needs of your four-footed friends.

GETTING ON THE HORSE'S NERVE.

(From *The Indianapolis News*.)

The horse, the most useful of all animals, is the one marked for the most of men's ill-treatment. For the most part housed in ill-lighted, ill-ventilated and ill smelling quarters, worked to its full capacity, cared for only to the degree that selfish interest prompts, the animal is delivered over as the unprotected object of the unrestrained passions of man. The average man fails apparently to understand that animals have a nervous system, among them in a marked degree the horse, and that were he to govern his own temper he could with a little patience get control of the horse's nervous system and make out of it a servant vastly more efficient than it is under the system in which he beats and jerks and drives it to distraction.

A short walk in any city will discover many blind horses. Why? There are no blind cows, comparatively. And yet the sight of the one naturally is as good as that of the other. The difference is simply that the horse from the beginning has been abused, ill-housed, overworked and worked under conditions that have driven him blind. *Its eyes are shut in by blinders at each side*, for which there is no use but to satisfy the caprice or fashion of man. So its vision interfered with, and deprived of air, the wonder is that with the other treatment it gets it is not blind oftener. Besides this, in other cases its neck is almost pulled out of joint by *overhead check-reins* that raise its face to the air and turn its eyeballs to



BONNIE BOY.

From "Buffalo Horse World."

the glare of the sun unprotected. Or, on the other hand, deprived of check-rein, it is bitten with a curb that pulls its jaw to its breast and tortures it in this fashion. And then, according to the spreading fashion of the day, it is subjected to that most cruel of all practices, *docking*, which not merely tortures in the practice, but leaves it to the torment of flies for the rest of its life. If it is the merciful man that is merciful to his beast, and if it is the merciful that obtain mercy, we have, as a people, some way to come before we get that blessing.

WHAT DIFFERENCE?

What difference does it make to employers what wages they pay, so long as they simply add the increased prices of labor to their previous prices for articles sold? And what profit does the workman get for increased wages if he has to pay it all back in the increased prices of everything he and his family use?

SUFFOCATED ON ELECTRIC CARS IN THE PARIS TUNNEL.

In our morning paper of August 12th we find that 84 passengers on an electric car in Paris died of suffocation from the cars taking fire in a tunnel—also that Chief Engineer Carson of our Boston Transit Commission says:

"With the present style of cars used in the Boston subway, there is always danger of accidents from fire, and the only way to prevent an accident of the Paris kind would be to have fire-proof cars."

Mr. Carson thinks that if passengers in a stalled train in the Boston subway should leave the train between stations there might be serious results from the live third rail.

As our readers may remember, we have called attention to these dangers—also the cars on the elevated tracks taking fire between stations, compelling passengers to be burned or leap to the street.

We cannot too soon require all electric cars running on elevated tracks or through subways to be fire-proof. Certainly no electric car, not fire-proof, should ever be permitted to pass to or from East Boston under Boston harbor. GEO. T. ANGELL.

IMPORTANT QUESTION FOR SCIENTISTS.

It is perfectly clear that the strength of an iron chain is *only the strength of its weakest link*. A single defect in the core of a single link of the chain cable that holds the anchor may wreck the largest ocean steamer and cost a thousand lives.

Now our elevated railroads are built on tall iron posts or pillars. Is it or not a fact that a single defect in the core of one of these posts, not visible to the eye, may plunge a train to the street?

Again—is it not a well established fact that all iron when subjected to continued jars or concussions tends to disintegrate and become rotten? Cannon after a certain number of firings become unsafe. Dumb-bells, as we know from personal experience, after many concussions break, etc., etc.

The question for scientists then is—*how far and how long* can we depend on elevated railroads built on iron posts? Another question—*how far and how long* can we depend on iron bridges? And still another—*how far and how long* can we depend on iron posts as the foundation of enormous buildings constantly subjected to the jarring of electric cars or heavily loaded teams?

GEO. T. ANGELL.

Our Massachusetts Band of Mercy Organizer, Mr. Leach, has been hard at work during the school vacation at the Vineyard, Nantucket, and north shore, delivering addresses and stirring up public opinion.

Our Dumb Animals.

OUR ANSWER.

In response to your question it gives me pleasure to say that if I had a million of dollars I would be glad to use every dollar of it in humanely educating the American people for the purpose of promoting every form of humanity, and stopping every form of cruelty, both to human beings and the lower animals,

I would do this:

First—By enlisting the teachers of every state and territory to carry humane instruction into all American public and private schools.

Second—By enlisting the educational, religious and secular press of the country to help form a public sentiment which will tend to check cruelty of every kind.

Third—By enlisting the Protestant and Roman Catholic clergy of the country in efforts to unite religious and humane education in all their churches and Sunday schools.

Fourth—By sending humane information, and the gems of humane literature, pictures, songs and stories through the press and otherwise, as I have been sending "Our Dumb Animals" and "Black Beauty" all over this country and elsewhere.

Fifth—By the employment of missionaries, forming "Humane Societies," and hundreds of thousands of "Bands of Mercy" in schools, Sunday schools, and elsewhere, similar to the over 55,000 we have already formed.

Sixth—By showing the millions of American youth, in ways too numerous to be mentioned in this statement, that every kind word they speak and kind act they do makes their own lives happier, and better prepares them for what may come after.

Seventh—By building up in our colleges, schools and elsewhere a spirit of chivalry and humanity, which shall in coming generations substitute ballots for bullets, prevent anarchy and crime, protect the defenseless, maintain the right, and hasten the coming of peace on earth and good will to every harmless living creature, both human and dumb.

I would also like to organize, in addition to the societies I am already interested in, "A society for the protection of public health."

Like the societies for the protection of dumb animals, it should be supported by voluntary subscriptions and gifts, be entirely independent of city and state politics, and ready to attack the richest and most powerful men in the state, whenever they ought to be attacked.

It should employ chemists and microscopists whom nobody could bribe, should publish once a month, and send to the editors of other newspapers in the state and country, facts pertaining to the public health which it should be able to discover, and should fearlessly denounce and prosecute all who ought to be denounced and prosecuted.

I know perfectly well the good work being done by our state and city boards of health, and the good men who hold positions on them; but I also know that it is absolutely impossible for them, with their limited appropriations and dependence upon city and state politics, to do anything like the work which public health and public safety demand.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

MY SERENADE.

(From Kate Field's Washington.)

I have a cavalier,
At dusk he draweth near,
To wait outside my wicket.
I hear him draw his bow,
He playeth soft and low,
Hid in the maple thicket.

The listening leaves are stirred,
The dreaming flowers have heard
His strain from out the shadow.
The broad moon, white and still,
Climbeth the dusky hill,
The mists dance in the shadow.

My faithful cavalier,
At dusk he draweth near,
To wait outside my wicket.
I hear him draw his bow,
He playeth soft and low,
My dusky little cricket!

"A righteous man regardeth the life of his beast,
but the tender mercies of the wicked are cruel."
(Prov. 12: 10.)

TO RAILROAD PRESIDENTS, MANAGERS AND SUPERINTENDENTS: A PLAN.

Years ago, we sent to the Association of Railroad Superintendents of Boston a suggestion to be adopted by their companies if they saw fit.

Namely—To ascertain about the average yearly loss which railroads had by accidents, including the damages to their own property and the sums they were required to pay others.

Then to set apart each year a sum equal to the average loss, to be called the "accident fund," out of which should be paid all such costs and damages, and the balance at the close of each year to be divided pro rata according to their pay among the engineers, switchmen, brakemen and others upon whose care or fidelity should depend the safety of the road, and who had been with the company during the entire year.

Also that locked boxes should be placed in each principal depot, into which all the employees of each company should be requested to drop any communications, either signed or unsigned, which would tend to benefit the roads.

My view was that by this plan all employees upon whom depend the safety of each road would not only become more careful to prevent accidents and loss of railroad property themselves, but would also be watching constantly all other employees to see that they were equally careful, and if not careful, to report the facts through these boxes to the officials of the road.

We were thanked by the railroad superintendents for the suggestion, but are not aware that it was ever adopted by any of the corporations.

In consideration of the vast amount of railroad property destroyed by accidents and outrage we would respectfully submit through these columns, and the columns of all our exchanges who may see fit to republish it, to the railroad presidents, managers and superintendents of the country, a careful consideration of the above plan.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

FIRST TEACHERS' CONVENTION IN AMERICA.

[From page 41 of our Autobiographical Sketches.]

On Dec. 30, 1873, I addressed the annual convention of Massachusetts State teachers at Worcester, Mass. I thought it important that Massachusetts teachers should know more than they did about our work, and wrote their president, proposing to address them at my own expense, as was my usual custom. He accepted the proposal, and cordially invited me to do so. But when I reached Worcester and the convention, I found the matter had been considered, and probably had been decided, like peace and temperance, irrelevant to a teachers' convention. At any rate, the president said that he should be able to give me but little time. I had come at considerable personal inconvenience and expense; had brought a man with me, and a large package of humane literature to be gratuitously distributed. I was kept waiting the entire evening, listening to discussions of little importance; and at last, at about nine o'clock, when the convention had been in session all day, and the teachers were just putting on their hats and shawls to leave, the president announced for the first time that a gentleman desired to address the convention on "cruelty to animals." The announcement was received with a shout of laughter from one end of the hall to the other. I think I was never more indignant in my life than when I strode on to the platform that evening.

I said that the great teacher Agassiz, whose name towered above all other teachers as Mount Washington among little hills, was a firm believer in the immortality of animals. I said that hundreds of thousands

of these poor creatures were dying every year on our cattle-cars for want of food and water, and their dead and diseased bodies were sold in our markets for food, and every person in that audience was liable on each and every day of the year to eat the dangerous meats of these diseased animals; and then I struck into the great field of humane education—the connection between cruelty and crime, and how the remedy was away down in the public schools. I talked until nearly ten o'clock, and they stopped to hear me. At the close they said that no matter more important had come before their convention. I agreed with them. It is quite likely my aim was better accomplished than it would have been with smooth sailing and an open sea. My impression is, from my reading and information, that this was probably the first teachers' convention ever addressed on this subject in this country, and perhaps in the world.

BEECHER'S WOOD-THRUSH IN SOLITUDE.

Yet solitude is apt to become exceedingly solitary and lonesome, therefore it should not be long continued. Let rare and ripe friends dwell within reach, for it is solitude that gives zest to society, and goodly company it is that prepares you for the joys of solitude. Aloneness is to social life what rests are in music. Sounds following silence are always sweetest.

The other day I got me to a solitary corner, where pine trees, maples and spruces had leagued against the sun, and quite expelled him. There, upon a root swelling out above the ground, I sat me down, and leaning against the trunk I determined to spy out what things are done in such places. So still was I that insects thought me a tree, and made a highway of my limbs. A robin, whose near nest showed young heads, for a time nervously hopped from branch to branch near me, shrilly questioning my errand. But my placid silence soon smoothed down the feathers on its black head and won its confidence. Then all birds chattered in those short notes which are employed for domestic purposes, and are no more to be confounded with their songs than are men's anthems to be deemed their common conversation. Birds both talk and sing. Nearly an hour I waited, and then came what I waited for—a wood-thrush—and perched his speckled breast right over against me in a near tree. He did not look in one place more than another, and so I knew that he believed himself alone. At once he began dressing his feathers. He ran his bill down through his ash-speckled breast; he probed the wings and combed out the long covers. He ruffled up his whole plumage and shook it robustly. Then, his solitary toilet completed, he flew into a tree nearer the road, where he could look out, but not be seen, and began his song. It was neither warble, nor continuous song, but a dainty phrasing, in single syllables, of such sweet and loving thoughts as solitude doth breed in pure and tender natures. And all this have I rehearsed that I might say that none in life sing so sweetly as they who, like the wood-thrush, sit on the twilight edge of solitude and sing to the men who pass by in the sunlight outside.—*From Norwood.*

(From Boston Evening Globe.)

Andrew, the head waiter at the Tuttle house, Savin Hill, is a southern man, and extremely fond of birds. Robins this year have been unusually prolific, and the young birds in attempting to fly from the nest in many instances fall to the ground and are caught by cats which destroy not a few of them. Andrew conceived the idea of putting a box with slats on one side on the top of a pole, where he placed many of the rescued birds. Their parents come regularly to the temporary prison and feed their progeny, who in a week or two are able to fly and are released. Quite a colony of young robins has been cared for this summer, and there are still some in the box waiting for their wings to grow and liberty to come.

A PLEA FOR THE DOGS.

The spectacle of the great University of Chicago purchasing and stealing dogs for purposes of vivisection is revolting to every man who loves the animal most closely associated with the human race. Of course, we are told that the cutting up of live dogs is in the interest of surgery. Indeed, that profession has so long plumed itself upon close commercial relations with body snatchers, in the interest of science, that the wanton destruction of brute life doubtless appears mild in comparison. Medicine has been six thousand years getting to its present condition of imperfection. And yet Dr. Bryant told a large audience a few nights ago that the germ theory was discovered only twenty years since, and by a man who was not a physician or surgeon—Professor Tyndall! That medical research is in want of encouragement admits of no discussion. When we allow our hearts to speak, however, a universal protest against the vivisection of dogs will arise.

I have a friend at home the guardian of my family. I trust him, and he is worthy of any man's supreme confidence. As a comrade, he never has faltered in his devotion. He'd give his life to save mine and would not ask the same sacrifice on my part. Although a slave to my wishes, he's a peer of the realm. He's my friend to the death, and he's—a dog.

Recall the dog-heroes of history! Have we forgotten Liewellen's human-hearted Gelert? Is gone from memory the immortal Barry of the great Saint Bernard? The Switzers revere him and have reared a stately monument at Berne. Can we doubt that Ketmir, patient, tireless guardian of the Seven Sleepers of Ephesus, was admitted into paradise by Mahomet? Has the judicial combat to the death between the devoted dog of Aubrey and his master's murderer passed out of mind? Does not every visitor of Newstead Abbey know that Byron, Prince Royal of our English tongue, chose his grave at the side of his one true friend, Boatswain? And Maera, too, descended from the noblest of dogs of all antiquity, was translated to the heavens to become the dogstar of the Northern sky.

Many more dog-heroes of history might be recalled, for the dog has shone in song and story since the beginning of animal life. No living creature is so fond of man—it is said he learned to bark in imitation of human speech. His life on earth is given to the service of his master; the only heaven he knows is a place in that master's heart. Human friends prove false, but his fidelity endures—proof against all temptation.

When dire misfortune overtakes the master the dog does not desert him; and, at the end—that last, sad scene that comes to all of us—friends, home, family, gone—the loving comrade of poverty follows the body to an unmarked grave, and prone upon the soft, dark mound, moans a requiem 'till he dies.

To the rescue of the dog, say I!

New York Journal.

WE WILL TELL A STORY THAT'S TRUE.

If you will receive it,
And firmly believe it,
I will tell you a story that's true,
Of a canine sagacious,
We call Ponto Cassius,
Whose pedigree we never knew.

He was given to my sister,
By a pet-loving mister
Who won his affections at sight,
His bushy tail waggy,
His coat black and shaggy,
With vest that is spotlessly white.

Oh, he is a beauty,
And deems it his duty
That bushy tail proudly to wag,
When Nellie or Harry
Permit him to carry
Their parasol, bundle or bag.

When told by my mother
To waken my brother,
He will instantly catch up his bell,
In his mouth he will take it,
And heartily shake it,
Saying "up," loud as actions can tell.

If the bell does not wake him,
He will jump up and shake him,
And not very gently, I vow,

What a pity it is to see a party of children, scarcely more than babes, going out to amuse themselves for a spring morning simply by the pleasure of killing. They chase and beat down the pretty harmless butterflies. In a moment what was a gay, dancing, happy, living thing, lies a crushed and mangled bit of rubbish, which is soon tossed away and another caught. The little people themselves are not happy—cannot be truly so—in such deeds. They might easily be taught to find real delight in learning the ways of God's creatures and watching their habits.



In a few minutes after,
We hear a great laughter,
Interspersed with, good fellow, hello!

He will catch up his basket,
Whenever we ask it,
And go to the market for meat,
Then home he comes running,
Don't you think it is cunning?
Without ever stopping to eat.

When the girls are out coasting,
(This is no idle boasting)
He will race with the sled down the hill,
Then, with dignified pride,
The girls walking beside,
He will draw the sled up with a will.

Though of mild disposition,
Yet he knows well his mission,
And guards us from burglars at night.
When he hears footsteps prowling,
He will set up a growling,
And show inclination to bite.

But 'tis not my intention,
At present, to mention
A tithe of his wonderful ways,
Time and space won't allow it,
And besides, you'd avow it
A tribute too great to his praise.

MYSTERY OF WILD ANIMALS.

(From the *Star*, Peoria, Ill.)
WHAT BECOMES OF THOSE THAT DIE A NATURAL DEATH IN THE WOODS?

"The forest has many mysteries," said an old Pennsylvania woodman, "but none deeper than that of wild animals that die natural deaths."

"The four-footed dwellers of the woods certainly do not live forever. Age and disease must carry them off regularly, as human beings are carried off, but what becomes of their bodies?"

"I have many times found dead animals in the woods, but never one that did not show unquestionable evidence of having died from violence of some kind. Every woodsman will tell you the same. What becomes of the dead wild animals that die natural deaths?"—New York Sun.

WILD ANIMALS' TRAPS.

The sufferings of wild animals caught in steel traps can hardly be over-estimated.

Sometimes men engaged in this business set these traps over a wide extent of country and do not visit them for several days, and so animals are held waiting for death but unable to die.

Will some of our readers tell us how wild animals can be caught and killed humanely?

Is there any remedy except a general humane education of the coming generations in all our public and private schools, such as we are trying to give through the upwards of fifty-five thousand "Bands of Mercy" we have formed and caused to be formed?

FAITHFUL DOG.

MARYSVILLE, CAL., May 21.—The body of a man who is known as Jack Williams was found in Sacramento river near Sutter City last night. He was a sheepherder in the employ of Mrs. E. J. Burr, and a coroner's inquest held developed the fact that he had been missing for nine days. During the past week Williams' faithful dog has been running back and forth from the river bank to a nearby farm-house and yesterday was discovered half-starved lying on his master's coat near the river. A short distance away the man's hat and suspenders were found and it is thought in leaning over the river to quench his thirst he lost his footing and was drowned. The jury returned a verdict of accidental death.

AS DEFINED.

(From the *Chicago News*.)

"Say, Mamma," queried little Mary Ellen, "what's a dead letter?"

"Any letter that is given to your father to mail, my dear," replied the wise mother.

OUR DUMB ANIMALS.

Boston, September, 1903.

ARTICLES for this paper may be sent to
GEO. T. ANGELL, President, 19 Milk St.

BACK NUMBERS FOR DISTRIBUTION.

Persons wishing *Our Dumb Animals* for gratuitous distribution only can send us five cents to pay postage, and receive ten copies, or ten cents and receive twenty copies. We cannot afford larger numbers at this price.

TEACHERS AND CANVASSERS.

Teachers can have *Our Dumb Animals* one year for twenty-five cents.

Persons wishing to canvass for the paper will please make application to this office.

Our American Humane Education Society sends this paper this month to the editors of over twenty thousand newspapers and magazines.

OUR AMBULANCE

Can be had at any hour of the day or night by calling Telephone 992 Tremont.

Horse owners are expected to pay reasonable charges for its use, but in emergency cases where they are unable to do so the ambulance will be sent at the expense of the Society, but only upon an owner's order, or upon that of a police officer or Society agent.

SUBSCRIPTIONS AND REMITTANCES.

We would respectfully ask all persons who send us subscriptions or remittances to examine our report of receipts, which is published in each number of our paper, and if they do not find the sums they have sent properly credited, kindly notify us.

If correspondents fail to get satisfactory answers please write again, and on the envelope put the word "Personal."

My correspondence is now so large that I can read only a small part of the letters received, and seldom long ones.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

We are glad to report this month new branches of our Parent Band of Mercy, making a total of fifty-five thousand four hundred and seventy.



NEW BAND OF MERCY BADGES.

There having been a wide call for cheaper Band of Mercy badges, we have succeeded in adding to the kinds we have been using a new badge in the two sizes above represented. They are very handsome—a white star on a blue ground, with gilt letters, and we sell them at bare cost, five for ten cents, in money or postage stamps, or larger numbers at same price. We cannot attend to smaller orders than five.

HUMANE EDUCATION AND PREVENTION OF CRUELTY TO ANIMALS.

At the monthly meeting of the Directors of the American Humane Education Society and the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, held on the 19th ult., Vice-President Hill reported the number of animals examined, in the investigation of cases since July report, 2,916.

The number of animals taken from work was 311, and 389 horses and other animals were mercifully killed.

New "Bands of Mercy" have been formed, making a total of 55,470.

A GOOD LETTER FROM ONE OF OUR FASHIONABLE WATERING PLACES.

DEAR MR. ANGELL:

July 16.

How sincerely grateful I am for your good work, and how much satisfaction it gives me to send you enclosed a hundred dollars to further your purposes of humane education.

As I sit at my window at this hotel, studying the scores of horses that stand waiting for a call, my heart is stirred with profound pity at their severe, yet needless suffering. The drivers eagerly seek shelter for themselves from the broiling sun, but they mercilessly compel their horses to stand hour after hour, with heads tightly fastened back, catching the full blaze of this mid-summer sun, making them also doubly defenceless against the flies which persecute and torture them.

Directly opposite, a man has let down his overhead check, the horse gratefully droops his head, shielding his eyes from the painful glare—yesterday he was in a frenzy, tossing and jerking his head to break that cruel strap—to-day he stands at rest.

It pleases me to believe that his relief may be owing to a little effort of mine, one of your leaflets falling into his hands; for yesterday when I selected a carriage, I said, "Coachman, I think you are one who really cares for your horses' welfare and comfort, because I see you are too merciful to follow the cruel fashion of these other drivers. I will leave with you a package of very interesting leaflets about the check-rein, etc., etc., and I think you will be glad to distribute them as you have opportunity, and so help relieve some of these horses standing here in such misery."

Mr. Angell, what I specially prize about your plan of work is that any one who is willing to take a little trouble can always find opportunities to do effectual work—and one can do it so quietly, and without being observed. Law can often deal with public cruelty—but your humane literature (and in every place one can easily find some one most willing to distribute it) brings about that change of heart which will help make owners kind to their animals when alone with them in the solitary places of their helpless existence.

How universally people say, "I love the horse!" How comparatively few, alas, are willing to prove their profession, if it costs them any trouble!

Would that all would remember that in their speechless condition they must depend upon the faithfulness of their friends to demand and secure better things for them.

It has been truly said that "sympathy does not tax us if we turn it into active, helpful service, for those whose sufferings we voluntarily share," and so day by day, I thank you not only for your own brave, noble fight against cruelty and wrong, but especially I thank you that you have opened the way in which others who are willing to do so can persistently and effectually aid you.

A KIND LETTER FROM ONE OF BOSTON'S MOST RESPECTED CITIZENS.

20 Beacon Street,
Boston, Mass., August 7, 1903.

MR. GEO. T. ANGELL,

Dear Sir:—Your very kind reference to my Fourth of July oration [in Faneuil Hall] in the August number of *Our Dumb Animals*, prompts me to thank you, as I have been on the point of doing a hundred times before, for the noble service which you are doing month by month for the cause of peace and the better organization of the world. I read your little paper every month, and I have long observed that there is never a month in which you do not manage to preach, along with your gospel of kindness to animals, the

great gospel also of justice and love toward our fellow-men. I am sure that this constant, wise and devoted work of yours has had most broad and beneficial results.

EDWIN D. MEAD.

[We could fill a large part of our monthly issue with similar letters, many from prominent men, including a considerable number of college presidents.]

AMONG OUR BEST FRIENDS.

Among our best friends we have long counted the Rev. Dr. Butler of the Lutheran Church at Washington, D.C., [in which we have at various times spoken] and for several years chaplain of the United States Senate.

We need not say that it gives us pleasure to find in the *Lutheran Evangelist* of July 24th, edited by Dr. Butler, the following kind remembrance:

Geo. T. Angell, of Boston, whom the editor is happy, if he may, to number among the friends whose memory will ever shed a sweet aroma in our heart of hearts, has just passed his eightieth birthday. Among the kind remembrances that came to him was a magnificent collection of flowers, with eighty roses, from the gentlemen and ladies associated with him in the office of *Our Dumb Animals*, which is always brim full of good things. A note accompanying the flowers said: "In the midst of opportunities for gathering wealth, your choice of a humane life work has been the means of blessing not only to the dumb creation, but to the whole human family as well, and our hope is that many more years will be added in which you may still wage a relentless but peaceful warfare against cruelty in all its forms."

A GOOD LETTER.

My sister sends you enclosed check for \$100 for your most noble work [American Humane Education] with best wishes for your ever increasing success.

Cornwall-on-Hudson.

WHY?

Why should army and navy officers wear such useless weapons as swords hitched to their belts when revolvers are far more easily handled and far more deadly?

RED ACRE FARM.

As our readers know, we have been aiding, in various ways, Miss Harriet G. Bird, of Red Acre Farm, Stow, Mass., in establishing on her farm a sanatorium for overworked horses, broken down before their time.

We have pleasure in saying that she has now on her farm several such horses, and all persons interested are requested to write her for full information. Direct to Miss Harriet G. Bird, Red Acre Farm, Stow, Mass.

COULDN'T FIND A POOR JEW IN BOSTON.

We find in our daily evening paper an article on "Caring for Boston Jews." Some forty or more years ago, when we were in the practice of our profession (the law) a Vermont lawyer wrote us that a good old deacon in his town had heard the wicked Jews so much preached against that he had left in his will a legacy of \$500 "to the poor Jews," and as executor of the will he requested us to find some poor Jews in Boston. We employed a man for that purpose, who after diligent search reported that he couldn't find a poor Jew in Boston. This was some fifty years ago. The result was that the legacy went to a charitable Jewish society in New York. GEO. T. ANGELL.

Heaven smiles with love and admiration on those who seek to cheer the desponding heart, or lighten by act, or word, or look, the burden borne by the weary soul.



Founders of American Band of Mercy.

GEO. T. ANGELL and REV. THOMAS TIMMINS.

Office of Parent American Band of Mercy.

GEO. T. ANGELL, President; JOSEPH L. STEVENS,

Secretary.

A. JUDSON LEACH, State Organizer.

Over fifty-five thousand branches of the Parent American Band of Mercy have been formed, with probably over two million members.

PLEDGE.

"I will try to be kind to all harmless living creatures, and try to protect them from cruel usage."

Any Band of Mercy member who wishes can cross out the word *harmless* from his or her pledge. M. S. P. C. A. on our badge means "Merciful Society Prevention of Cruelty to All."

We send without cost, to every person asking, a copy of "Band of Mercy Information" and other publications.

Also without cost, to every person who forms a "Band of Mercy," obtaining the signatures of thirty adults or children or both to the pledge, and sends us the name chosen for the "band" and the name and post-office address [town and state] of the president who has been duly elected:

1. Our monthly paper, "OUR DUMB ANIMALS," full of interesting stories and pictures, for one year.

2. Mr. Angell's Address to the High, Latin, Normal and Grammar Schools of Boston.

3. Copy of Band of Mercy Songs.

4. Twelve Lessons on Kindness to Animals, containing many anecdotes.

5. Eight Humane Leaflets, containing pictures and one hundred selected stories and poems.

6. For the President, an imitation gold badge.

The head officers of Juvenile Temperance Associations and teachers and Sunday-school teachers, should be presidents of Bands of Mercy.

Nothing is required to be a member but to sign the pledge, or authorize it to be signed.

Any intelligent boy or girl fourteen years old can form a Band with no cost, and receive what we offer, as before stated.

The prices for badges, gold or silver imitation, are eight cents large, five cents small; ribbon, gold stamped, eight cents, ink printed, four cents; song and hymn books, with fifty-two songs and hymns, two cents; cards of membership, two cents; and membership book, eight cents. The "Twelve Lessons on Kindness to Animals" cost only two cents for the whole, bound together in one pamphlet. The Humane Leaflets cost twenty-five cents a hundred, or eight for five cents.

Everybody, old and young, who wants to do a kind act, to make the world happier and better, is invited to address, by letter or postal, GEO. T. ANGELL, Esq., President, 19 Milk Street, Boston, Mass., and receive full information.

Good Order of Exercises for Band of Mercy Meetings.

1.—Sing Band of Mercy song or hymn, and repeat the Pledge together. [See Melodies.]

2.—Remarks by President, and reading of Report of last meeting by Secretary.

3.—Reading of "Angell Prize Contest Recitations," "Memory Games," and anecdotes of good and noble sayings and deeds done by both human and dumb creatures, with vocal and instrumental music.

4.—Sing Band of Mercy song or hymn.

5.—A brief address. Members may then tell what they have done to make human and dumb creatures happier and better.

6.—Enrollment of new members.

7.—Sing Band of Mercy song or hymn.

THE BROOK.

I come from haunts of coot and hern,
I make a sudden sally,
And sparkle out among the fern
To bicker down the valley.
By thirty hills I hurry down,
Or slip between the ridges,
By twenty throgs, a little town,
And half a hundred bridges;
Till last by Philip's farm I flow
To join the brimming river;
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever.

I chatter over stony ways
In little sharps and trebles,
I bubble into eddying bays,
I babble on the pebbles.
With many a curve my banks I fret,
By many a field and fallow,
And many a fairy foreland set
With wallow-weed and mallow.
I chatter, chatter, as I flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever.

I wind about, and in and out,
With here a blossom sailing,
And here and there a lusty trout,
And here and there a grayling,
And here and there a foamy flake
Upon me as I travel,
With many a silver waterbreak
Above the golden gravel.
I draw them all along, and flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

BIRD INCIDENTS.

(From *American Ornithology*.)

Bird incidents without number are constantly coming under the observation of those who are on the look out for them, and the writer deems the following of special interest. Wrens versus Sparrows: Some time since in the early spring, a pair of English sparrows made up their minds to take possession of a bird house in our garden which a pair of wrens had occupied for two previous years.

Mr. and Mrs. Wren had not yet arrived, so there was none to dispute the sparrows' right or to suspend operations. All went well and the nest was nearing completion, when one bright, sunny morning the former occupants appeared on the scene and trouble at once began. They evidently resented the action of the sparrows in taking the house which they anticipated using for a summer residence. An indictment of evocation was at once served, and being met by a show of sparrow impudence forcible expulsion was next in order.

Mr. Wren took up his position on the front porch of the little house, and by a series of savage attacks and much loud scolding succeeded in keeping the pair of sparrows off, while Mrs. Wren, working with desperate determination, proceeded to tear the nest apart, and carrying the materials out the little back door, scattered them in all directions. My! what a shower of hay, straw, feathers, sticks, etc. This was continued until the house was entirely cleared. Then, without delay, began the process of reconstruction. During this time the sparrows did not sit idly by and see their work destroyed, but there was a continuous battle between them, and when the action became too pressing both wrens would make a grand charge which invariably resulted in driving the enemy back.

By and by the new nest was finished and although bad feelings existed for several days afterward, with frequent passages at arms, the sparrows finally gave up the fight as hopeless, and Mr. Wren mounted the chimney, standing guard and at the same time giving vent to his feelings in loud and spirited song. Of course our sympathies were with the victors.

Catbird and Cherry Stone: During one of my rambles through the woods, I discovered the nest of a catbird in a clump of briars and upon drawing near



found it contained four little ones. Retreating for a short distance, I stopped and watched the mother bird who was greatly excited at first, but seeing that I meant no harm to her little family she proceeded with household matters. After giving the young ones two or three worms and other choice morsels, she brought a good sized red cherry and offered it to one of the nestlings. The little bird could not swallow it, so what did the mother do but take the cherry out of its mouth, remove the stone with her beak and feet, then give it back to the nestling in a crushed state. This time it disappeared in a trice. The incident impressed me as being not only amusing but an excellent illustration of "bird sense."

Chippies Dividing Crumbs: While sitting under a shade tree in the yard, I observed a pair of Chippies eating two crumbs of bread. One crumb was much larger than the other, and of course the bird having the smaller one finished first. Then what? Simply this, the other chippy at once broke his crumb in half and proceeded to place a portion of it within reach of his mate. In this way each had nearly an equal amount. Beautiful incident; well might man take this lesson home to himself; what an exhibition of love and generosity! what a different world this would be if people acted more on the principle of these innocent little birds!

MAKING A MAN.

(From the *New Orleans Picayune*.)

Hurry the baby as fast you can,
Hurry him, worry him, make him a man.
Off with his baby clothes, get him in pants,
Feed him on brain foods and make him advance.
Hustle him soon as he is able to walk,
Into a grammar school; cram him with talk.
Fill his poor head full of figures and facts,
Keep on a-jumping them in till it cracks.
Once boys grew up at a rational rate,
Now we develop a man while you wait.
Rush him through college, compel him to grab
Of every known subject a dip and a dab.
Get him in business and after the cash,
All by the time he can grow a mustache.
Let him forget he was ever a boy,
Make gold his god, and its jingle his joy.
Keep him a-hustling and clear out of breath
Until he wins—nervous prostration and death.

ANGELL PRIZE CONTESTS.

A splendid way to raise money in schools, churches, Sunday-schools, or elsewhere for any object preferred.

ANGELL PRIZE CONTESTS IN HUMANE SPEAKING.

We have beautiful *sterling silver* medals, of which this cut shows the size and face inscriptions.

On the back is inscribed, "The American Humane Education Society."

We sell them at one dollar each, which is just what we pay for them by the hundred.

Each is in a box on red velvet, and we make no charge for postage when sent by mail.

The plan is this: Some large church or public hall is secured, several schools, *Sunday-schools*, *granges* or other societies are invited to send their best speaker or reciter to compete for the prize medal; some prominent citizen presides; other prominent citizens act as the committee of award, and a small admission fee, ten or twenty cents, pays all the costs, and leaves handsome balance for the local humane society or "Band of Mercy," or school or *Sunday-school* or church or library or any other object preferred.

"BLESSED ARE THE MERCIFUL."

We have in our principal office [in a large frame and conspicuous position] the names of those who have kindly remembered our two Societies in their wills.

When we get a building we intend to have them so engraved in it as to last through the centuries.

PRIZES \$650.

In behalf of *The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals* I do hereby offer (1) \$100 for evidence which shall enable the Society to convict any man in Massachusetts of cruelty in the practice of vivisection.

(2.) \$25 for evidence to convict of violating the recently-enacted law of Massachusetts against vivisection and dissections in our public schools.

(3.) \$100 for evidence to convict any member of the *Myopia, Hingham, Dedham, Harvard or Country Clubs*, of a criminal violation of law by causing his horse to be mutilated for life.

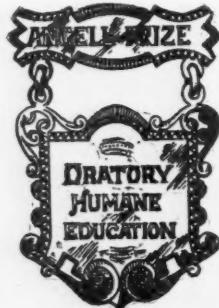
(4.) \$25 for evidence to convict anyone in Massachusetts of a violation of law by causing any horse to be mutilated for life by docking.

(5.) Twenty prizes of \$10 each, and forty prizes of \$5 each, for evidence to convict of violating the laws of Massachusetts by killing any insect-eating bird or taking eggs from its nest.

GEO. T. ANGELL, President.

Our creed and the creed of our "American Humane Education Society," as appears on its battle-flags—its badges—and its official seal, is "Glory to God," "Peace on Earth," "Kindness, Justice and Mercy to every living creature."

If there were no birds man could not live on the earth.



OUR PRIZE STORY PRICES.

Black Beauty, in paper covers, 6 cents at office, or 10 cents mailed; cloth bound, 25 cents each at office, or 30 cents mailed.

Hollyhurst, Strike at Shane's, Four Months in New Hampshire, also *Mr. Angell's Autobiography*, in paper covers, 6 cents each at office, or 10 cents mailed; cloth bound, 20 cents each at office, or 25 cents mailed.

Some of New York's "400," in paper covers, 10 cents each; cloth bound, 25 cents, or 30 cents mailed.

For Pity's Sake, in paper covers, 10 cents mailed; cloth bound, 60 cents at office, or 70 cents mailed.

Beautiful Joe at publishers' price, 60 cents at office, or 72 cents mailed. Cheaper edition, 25 cents; mailed, 30 cents. Both editions cloth bound.

Postage stamps are acceptable for all remittances.

"NEW YORK'S 400."

"It should receive as wide a circulation as 'Black Beauty.'"
—*Boston Courier*.

"Charmingly told story. Its merits are many and its readers cannot be too numerous."
—*Boston Ideas*.

"Extremely interesting. Will be laid down only with regret."
—*Gloucester Breeze*.

"FOR PITY'S SAKE" FOR GRATUITOUS DISTRIBUTION.

In past numbers of our paper we have said that various friends had given us donations to aid in gratuitous distribution of this most valuable book, which every one reads with pleasure, and having read, wants every one else to read. We are sorry to add that the fund given for its distribution is now exhausted, but to those who wish to buy it the price for our edition [which we sell at bare cost] is ten cents per copy, post-paid, and the cloth-bound edition we are kindly permitted by its author, Mrs. Carter, to sell at sixty cents, or post-paid seventy cents per copy.

"The Humane Horse Book," compiled by George T. Angell, is a work which should be read by every man, woman and child in the country. Price, 5 cents.—*Boston Courier*.

Nations, like individuals, are powerful in the degree that they command the sympathies of their neighbors.

In hiring a herdic, coupe, or other carriage never forget to look at the horses and hire those that look the best and have no docked tails. When we take a herdic we pick out one drawn by a good horse, tell the driver not to hurry, but take it easy, and give him five or ten cents over his fare for being kind to his horse. We never ride behind a dock-tailed horse.

Send for prize essays published by *Our American Humane Education Society* on the best plan of settling the difficulties between capital and labor, and receive a copy without charge.

Always kill a wounded bird or other animal as soon as you can. All suffering of any creature, just before it dies, poisons the meat.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

Every kind word you say to a dumb animal or bird will make you happier.

SONGS OF HAPPY LIFE, &c.

For prices of Miss S. J. Eddy's new book, above named, and a variety of humane publications, address, "Humane Education Committee, No. 61 Westminster Street, Providence, R. I."

One thing we must never forget, namely: that the infinitely most important work for us is the humane education of the millions who are soon to come on the stage of action.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

What do you consider, Mr. Angell, the most important work you do?

Answer. Talking each month to the editors of every newspaper and magazine in North America north of Mexico, who in their turn talk to probably over sixty millions of readers.

"Just so soon and so far as we pour into all our schools the songs, poems and literature of mercy towards these lower creatures, JUST SO SOON AND SO FAR SHALL WE REACH THE ROOTS NOT ONLY OF CRUELTY BUT OF CRIME."

GEO. T. ANGELL.

Refuse to ride in any cab, herdic or carriage drawn by a docked horse, and tell the driver why.

FOR FREE DISTRIBUTION.

To those who will have them properly posted we send:

- (1.) Placards for the protection of birds under our Massachusetts laws.
- (2.) Placards for the protection of horses everywhere from docking and tight check-reins.

WHAT A DOCKED HORSE TELLS.

(1.) That the owner does not care one straw for the suffering of dumb animals.

(2.) That the owner does not care one straw for the good opinion of nine-tenths of his fellow-citizens who witness the effects of his cruelty.

Every unkind treatment to the cow poisons the milk—even talking unkindly to her.

Is it cruel to keep a horse locked up in a stable without exercise?

Answer: Just as cruel as it would be to keep a boy, or girl, or man, or woman in the same condition.

If to this is added solitary confinement without the company of other animals, then the cruelty is still greater.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

WORTH REMEMBERING.

(1.) Avoid so far as possible drinking any water which has been contaminated by lead pipes or lead lined tanks.

(2.) Avoid drinking water which has been run through galvanized iron pipes.

(3.) Avoid using anything acid which has been kept in a tin can.

(4.) When gripe or other epidemics are prevailing wear a little crude sulphur in your boots or shoes.

BIRDS GUIDED BY STARS.

Do you ever venture any conjecture as to how migratory birds manage to keep up their flight in a due north direction after night? It has been proved that on clear nights they often "wing their northern flight" in the rarified atmosphere three miles above the earth's surface. This being true, it is clear that guidance by the topography of the country is out of the question; how, then, are they able to keep their beaks pointing towards the north pole? The scientific ornithologist comes to the rescue with the declaration that they are guided by the stars, and in support of his opinion cites as evidence the fact that when the stars are obscured by clouds the birds become bewildered and seek the ground.

St. Louis Republic.

PASADENA, CALIFORNIA.

We are glad to learn of a vigorous Humane Society just organized at Pasadena.



HARVEST SONG.

Laugh out, laugh out, ye orchard lands,
With all your ripened store;
Such bounteous measure nature yields:
How could heart ask for more?

The golden rick, the bursting bin
Of rich and ripened grain,
Bespeak the wealth which all may win
In industry's domain.

The cornfields set in grand array
Of solid rank and row
Are streams of wealth which set this way,
And soon shall overflow.

Laugh out, laugh out, ye ripened fields,
With e'er increasing mirth;
The joy your bounteous measure yields
Shall bless the whole round earth.

ALMA MATER.

Alma Mater, kind protectress,
Must we leave thee, now, forever?
Must the sad farewell be spoken?
May we not a little longer
Linger in thy sweet embrace?
No! the voice of duty calls us
On to life's great field of labor:
Many tasks our hands awaiting
Call us from thee, Alma Mater.

Alma Mater, we must leave thee,
Tho' most bitter is the parting.
Time's swift stream is rushing onward,
We must launch our barks upon it.
May thy gentle, loving spirit
Follow us in all our wanderings;
Strengthen us against temptation,
Cheer us in the hour of sorrow,
Help us bear life's heavy burden,
Lead us to the golden portals
Of the blessed life eternal.
There before the throne of Heaven,
We will bless thee, Alma Mater.

Alma Mater, tender mother,
Tho' we now must sadly leave thee,
Yet this parting shall not sever
All those ties of love that bind us
Unto thee who kindly led us
Through the pleasant paths of knowledge,
Yielding us those golden treasures

Richer than the wealth of mammon;
Teaching us the words of wisdom,
Bidding us be strong and valiant,
Planting in our hearts more firmly
Faith in God and love of virtue.
Fitting us for Life's hard labors.
We thy faithful loving children,
E'er shall bless thee, Alma Mater.

J. DRENNAN, '05.

From *The Viatorian*, St. Viateur's College, Illinois.

NOT CHRISTLIKE.

A. B. S., CHADRON, NEBRASKA.

The Rev. R. E. L. C. of Omaha, while out in central Nebraska holding fast Lenten services and baptizing some babies, was arrested for shooting twenty-one meadow larks. He spent the night in jail and was fined one hundred and ten dollars.

He stole a summer song, dear,
This godly man of mark,
He made the spring day silent,
He killed a meadow lark.
The plow-man in the morn, dear,
Will miss the dawn-tipped wings
That soaring upward taught him
To think of nobler things.
And the children off to school, dear,
Across the fresh turned sod,
Will seek in vain the songster
That kept them close to God.
And all the summer long, dear,
Each day, when it is done,
We'll wonder who, tomorrow,
Will welcome up the sun.
For he is dead and cold, dear,
Our little meadow lark,
And he sang a song of love to
That godly man of mark.

The Universal Republic.

CASES OF CRUELTY INVESTIGATED.

Whole number of animals examined in the investigation of cases by our office agents in July, 2916; horses taken from work, 311; horses and other animals killed, 389.

Don't kill your dog trying to make him run with your bicycle.

A PEPPERY QUEEN.

On a recent Shakespearean tour a new heavy lady joined us at Manchester, her opening part being the queen in "Hamlet."

This actress, having been disengaged for some time, to preserve her wardrobe from moth had smothered it in black pepper. Being rather late for her first scene, she omitted to shake out her royal robes, and her dignified entrance had an astonishing effect upon all on the stage.

The king, after a brave resistance, gave vent to a mighty sneeze that made the stage vibrate. All the royal courtiers and maids of honor followed suit sympathetically. Hamlet came on with most sublime tragedy air, but after a convulsive movement of his princely features buried them in his somber robe, while sneeze after sneeze was all the public heard from him.

I was playing Ophelia, and what with a wild desire to laugh and then to sneeze and then to cry jumbled the lot up in a violent fit of hysterics. Amid the hubbub on the stage and the shrieks of delight from the audience the stage manager sneezingly rang down the curtain.—*London Press*.

WHAT BECAME OF THE LACE.

A Mrs. Newton of Genesee put two fine lace collars out on the lawn in front of her house to dry one day last spring. When she went to get them an hour later they were gone. She was sure nobody stole them, because she was sitting beside a window at the front of the house at the time, and would have seen anybody entering the yard. The next day she put another collar out and watched. A robin flew down from an apple tree near by and carried off the collar. An investigation was made, and the other collars were found woven into the bird's nest in a crotch of the apple tree. There was also a small lace handkerchief in the nest. The bird that was doing the "fine-art" nest building and its mate set up a big outcry and pecked fiercely at the man in the tree when the nest was being pulled down.

Boston Transcript.

The following notice was given from a suburban pulpit: "The pastor will preach his last sermon this evening prior to his vacation, and the choir have arranged a special praise service for the occasion."

New York Observer.

**WHAT IS THE OBJECT OF
THE BANDS OF MERCY?**

I answer : To teach and lead every

child and older person to seize
every opportunity to say a kind
word or do a kind act that will

make some other human being or
some dumb creature happier.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

New Bands of Mercy.

55245 Brayton Ave. Bd., Div. 4. P., H. J. Grady.	Happy Wide Awake Bd. P., Miss Martha Snyder.
55246 Brayton Ave. Bd., Div. 5. P., H. R. Lawton.	55287 <i>Alameda, Cal.</i> Protection Band. P., Mrs. T. E. Blood.
55247 Brayton Ave. Bd., Div. 6. P., Martha Dunn.	55288 Cheerful Band. P., Miss Ada Bird.
55248 Brayton Ave. Bd., Div. 7. P., M. E. Sheahan.	55289 Longfellow Band. P., Miss Lottie E. Perkins.
55249 Brayton Ave. Bd., Div. 8. P., L. V. Grush.	55290 White Star Band. P., Miss Jenella Bishop.
55250 Brayton Ave. Bd., Div. 9. P., B. M. Damon.	55291 <i>Washington, Pa.</i> Isabella Freebey Band. P., Miss Isabella Freebey.
55251 Brayton Ave. Bd., Div. 10. P., S. B. Sampson.	55292 <i>Cincinnati, Ohio.</i> Sunbeam Band. P., Miss Edith Rau.
55252 Cambridge St. School. Cambridge St. School Bd., Div. 1. P., J. V. Brennan.	55293 <i>Washington, D. C.</i> Reservoir School. Reservoir Band No. 1. P., Mr. Henry W. Draper.
55253 Cambridge St. School Bd., Div. 2. P., J. E. Freeborn.	55294 Reservoir Band No. 2. P., Miss L. M. Tweedale.
55254 Cambridge St. School Bd., Div. 3. P., Miss Kelley.	55295 Reservoir Band No. 3. P., Miss M. A. Murphy.
55255 Cambridge St. School Bd., Div. 4. P., Miss Cullen.	55296 Reservoir Band No. 4. P., Miss A. A. Paterson.
55256 Buffington St. School. Buffington St. School Bd., Div. 1. P., Nancy Kershaw.	55297 Little Protectors Band. P., Miss H. L. Luckel.
55257 Buffington St. School Bd., Div. 2. P., C. L. Canfield.	55298 Industrial Soldiers Band. P., Miss Beatrice Kramer.
55258 Buffington St. School Bd., Div. 3. P., K. A. Callahan.	55299 <i>Preston, Conn.</i> The Golden Rule Band. P., Martha A. Palmer.
55259 Buffington St. School Bd., Div. 4. P., M. L. Dobb.	55300 <i>San Diego, Cal.</i> Heavenly Band. P., Edith Utley.
55260 Border City School. Border City School Band, Div. 1. P., S. M. Hamby.	55301 <i>Mason City, Iowa.</i> Jenken Lloyd Jones Bd., Div. 1. P., Mrs. James E. Blythe.
55261 Border City School Band, Div. 2. P., J. S. Lothrop.	55302 Jenken Lloyd Jones Bd., Div. 2. P., Mrs. S. R. Miles.
55262 Border City School Band, Div. 3. P., Mary Slade.	55303 Jenken Lloyd Jones Bd., Div. 3. P., Mrs. Chas. McNider.
55263 Border City School Band, Div. 4. P., Rebecca Cook.	55304 Jenken Lloyd Jones Bd., Div. 4. P., Mrs. John D. Williams.
55264 Border City School Band, Div. 5. P., Ross M. Dowd.	55305 <i>Fall River, Mass.</i> High School Band. P., Mr. George F. Pope.
55265 Border City School Band, Div. 6. P., Ruth E. Brown.	55306 Mt. Hope Ave. School Bd., Div. 1. P., M. E. Brennan.
55266 Steep Brook School. Steep Brook School Band, Div. 1. P., F. E. Fash.	55307 Mt. Hope Ave. School Bd., Div. 2. P., Isabel McElois.
55267 Steep Brook School Band, Div. 2. P., Mabel Harris.	55308 Mt. Hope Ave. School Bd., Div. 3. P., Miss Phillips.
55268 Steep Brook School Band, Div. 3. P., Miss Butterworth.	55309 Mt. Hope Ave. School Bd., Div. 4. P., Miss Sullivan.
55269 Steep Brook School Band, Div. 4. P., Susan E. Bliffins.	55310 Lindsey St. School. Lindsey St. School Band, Div. 1. P., Louise Remington.
55270 Coughlin Sch. Coughlin Sch. Bd., Div. 1. P., Miss Manchester.	55311 Lindsey St. School Band, Div. 2. P., S. E. Borden.
55271 Coughlin Sch. Bd., Div. 2. P., I. J. Fraser.	55312 Lindsey St. School Band, Div. 3. P., Susan Mackey.
55272 Coughlin Sch. Bd., Div. 3. P., Mary Regan.	55313 Lindsey St. School Band, Div. 4. P., Cora B. Terry.
55273 Coughlin Sch. Bd., Div. 4. P., Margaret Taylor.	55314 Covet St. School. Covet St. Sch. Bd., Div. 1. P., Julia A. Lynch.
55274 Coughlin Sch. Bd., Div. 5. P., Susan Slade.	55315 Covet St. Sch. Bd., Div. 2. P., Katherine A. Walsh.
55275 Coughlin Sch. Bd., Div. 6. P., Sarah Todeserve.	55316 Covet St. Sch. Bd., Div. 3. P., Emma Flynn.
55276 Coughlin Sch. Bd., Div. 7. P., Mary Borden.	55317 Covet St. Sch. Bd., Div. 4. P., Flora Mosher.
55277 Coughlin Sch. Bd., Div. 8. P., Bessie Bean.	55318 Ferry Lane School. Ferry Lane School Band, Div. 1. P., E. F. Keyes.
55278 <i>Washington, D. C.</i> Passion Flower Band. P., Sister Raphael.	55319 Ferry Lane School Band, Div. 2. P., A. E. Creighton.
55279 Rose Band. P., Sister Clementine.	55320 Ferry Lane School Band, Div. 3. P., Miss Thackery.
55280 Lilly Band. P., Sister Irene.	55321 Ferry Lane School Band, Div. 4. P., Miss Palmer.
55281 Soldiers of St. Cyprian Band. P., Sister Mary Felicitas.	55322 Pine Street School. Pine St. School Bd., Div. 1. P., E. W. Essex.
55282 Little Protectors Band. P., Sister Mary Elizabeth.	55323 Pine St. School Bd., Div. 2. P., V. B. Malcom.
55283 Oshkosh, Wisconsin. Oshkosh Band.	55324 Pine St. School Bd., Div. 3. P., M. H. Remington.
55284 Milltown, Maine. Milltown Junior League Band.	55325 Pine St. School Bd., Div. 4. P., A. B. Munroe.
55285 Cuero, Texas. Cuero Band.	55326 Pine St. School Bd., Div. 5. P., Dr. J. C. Copeland, V. S.

55327 Pine St. School Bd., Div. 6. P., M. G. McKenna.	55328 Fulton Street School. Fulton St. School Band, Div. 1. P., B. V. Collins.	55329 Fulton St. School Band, Div. 2. P., S. T. Hamerton.	55330 Fulton St. School Band, Div. 3. P., Mary Gray.	55331 Fulton St. School Band, Div. 4. P., Mary Sheedy.	55332 Chace School. Chace School Band, Div. 1. P., L. J. Manchester.	55333 Chace School Band, Div. 2. P., Julia A. McGrath.	55334 Chace School Band, Div. 3. P., Genevieve Paquin.	55335 Chace School Band, Div. 4. P., Neille Harrington.	55336 Danforth St. School. Danforth St. School Band, Div. 1. P., I. J. Connell.	55337 Danforth St. School Band, Div. 2. P., Barbara Thompson.	55338 Danforth St. School Band, Div. 3. P., Miss Hammond.	55339 Danforth St. School Band, Div. 4. P., Miss Reed.	55340 Paxton Band. Paxton Band, Div. 1. P., J. R. Burnham.	55341 Paxton Band. Paxton Band, Div. 2. P., Alice Converse.	55342 Paxton Band. Paxton Band, Div. 3. P., Lulu M. Baker.	55343 Greenwich, Mass. Quabbin Band. P., Ellen Miller Hann.	55344 Greenwich Village, Mass. Eagle Band. P., Charles Dexter Walker.	55345 Danforth St. School Band, Div. 5. P., Harriet T. Healy Band.	55346 Danforth St. School Band, Div. 6. P., Annie C. Kay.	55347 Danforth St. School Band, Div. 7. P., Harriet T. Healy Band.	55348 Mineral Wells, Texas. Mineral Wells Band. P., Mrs. Richard C. Tilford.	55349 El Monte, Cal. Lincoln Avenue Band. P., Walter Nelson.	55350 Nicholville, N. Y. Golden Rule Band. P., Emily F. C. Wood.	55351 Sabeta, Kan. Dist. No. 80 Band. P., Dora Robinson.	55352 Nicetown, N. J. Freehold Humanne Soc. Bd., Div. 6. P., L. T. Gray.	55353 Brattleboro, Vt. Sunshine Band. P., Miss Mary Croker.	55354 Freehold, N. J. Freehold Humanne Soc. Bd., Div. 7. P., John Stuttsman.	55355 Cohocton, N.Y. Lent Hill Band. P., Miss G. L. Caward.	55356 Cumberland, Indiana. Methodist Sunday School. No. 1 Band.	55357 Valley City, No. Dak. Valley City Band. P., Minnie C. Wilkins.	55358 Chicago, Ill. Avondale Band. P., George Waage.	55359 Salt Lake City, Utah. Utah's Mercy Band. P., Miss Mae Goddard.	55360 Parkman, Wyo. Parkman Band. P., Sam Hindman.	55361 Cambridge City, Indiana. Presbyterian S. S. No. 1 Band.	55362 Edward Bowers. Columbine Band. P., Irvin Finney.	55363 Valley City, No. Dak. Valley City Band. P., Burgess McMan.																																																																																																																																											
55350 No. 3 Band. P., Miss Crail.	55361 Los Angeles, Cal. Junior's Band. P., Lester Parmelee.	55362 Dublin, Indiana. Christian S. S. No. 1 Band.	55363 Philadelphia, Indiana. Methodist Sunday School. P., Mary Geran.	55364 North School. North School Band, Div. 1. P., M. H. Smith.	55365 North School. North School Band, Div. 1. P., J. T. DeLay.	55366 North School Band, Div. 2. P., Mary L. Hoyt.	55367 Helping Hands Band. P., Miss Annette J. Leon- ard.	55368 Holyoke, Mass. Highlands Band, No. 1. P., Mary Geran.	55369 North School. North School Band, Div. 1. P., Mrs. Elliott.	55370 North School. North School Band, Div. 2. P., Mrs. James.	55371 North School. North School Band, Div. 3. P., Mrs. Ellis.	55372 North School. North School Band, Div. 4. P., Edgar Wikler.	55373 North School. North School Band, Div. 5. P., Emma White.	55374 North School. North School Band, Div. 6. P., Miss Snyder.	55375 North School. North School Band, Div. 7. P., Miss McMahon.	55376 North School. North School Band, Div. 8. P., Miss Hood.	55377 Paxton, Mass. Paxton Band, Div. 1. P., J. R. Burnham.	55378 Paxton Band, Div. 2. P., M. Alice Converse.	55379 Paxton Band, Div. 3. P., Lulu M. Baker.	55380 Greenwich, Mass. Quabbin Band. P., Ellen Miller Hann.	55381 Greenwich Village, Mass. Eagle Band. P., Charles Dexter Walker.	55382 Greenwich Band. Greenwich Band, Div. 1. P., Florence L. Brooks.	55383 Dadeville, Ala. Saved Band. P., John F. Pearson.	55384 Sabetha, Kan. Dist. No. 80 Band. P., Dora Robinson.	55385 Nicholville, N. Y. Golden Rule Band. P., Emily F. C. Wood.	55386 Mineral Wells, Texas. Mineral Wells Band. P., Mrs. Richard C. Tilford.	55387 El Monte, Cal. Lincoln Avenue Band. P., Walter Nelson.	55388 West Philadelphia, Pa. Paschalville Band. P., Nettie Miles.	55389 Chicago, Ill. Avondale Band. P., George Waage.	55390 Salt Lake City, Utah. Utah's Mercy Band. P., Miss Mae Goddard.	55391 Valley City, No. Dak. Valley City Band. P., Minnie C. Wilkins.	55392 Parkman, Wyo. Parkman Band. P., Sam Hindman.	55393 Cambridge City, Indiana. Presbyterian S. S. No. 1 Band.	55394 Nederland, Col. Columbine Band. P., Irvin Finney.	55395 El Monte, Cal. Lincoln Avenue Band. P., Walter Nelson.	55396 Nicholville, N. Y. Golden Rule Band. P., Emily F. C. Wood.	55397 Edward Bowers. Columbine Band. P., Irvin Finney.	55398 Nicholville, N. Y. Golden Rule Band. P., Mrs. Richard C. Tilford.	55399 Valley City, No. Dak. Valley City Band. P., Minnie C. Wilkins.	55400 Parkman, Wyo. Parkman Band. P., Sam Hindman.	55401 Cambridge City, Indiana. Presbyterian S. S. No. 1 Band.	55402 North School. North School Band, Div. 1. P., Mrs. Loud.	55403 Nicholville, N. Y. Golden Rule Band. P., Mrs. Scott.	55404 Valley City, No. Dak. Valley City Band. P., Minnie C. Wilkins.	55405 Parkman, Wyo. Parkman Band. P., Sam Hindman.	55406 Nicholville, N. Y. Golden Rule Band. P., Mrs. Loud.	55407 Nicholville, N. Y. Golden Rule Band. P., Mrs. Loud.	55408 Nicholville, N. Y. Golden Rule Band. 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THERE'S UNIONS.

There's unions for teamsters and waiters,
There's unions for cabmen and cooks,
There's unions for hobos and preachers,
And one for detectives and crooks.

There's unions for blacksmiths and painters,
There is one for the printers, of course,
But where would you go in this realm of woe
To discover a union for horse ?

He can't make a murmur in protest,
Though they strain him both up and down hill;
Or force him to work twenty hours
At the whim of a drunken brute's will.

Look back at our struggles for freedom—
Trace our present day's strength to its source,
And you will find that man's pathway to glory
Is strewn with the bones of the horse.

When the troopers grow old they are pensioned,
Or a berth or a home is found;
When a horse is worn out, they condemn him
And sell him for nothing a pound.

Just think, the old pet of some trooper,
Once curried and rubbed twice a day,
Now drags some ragpicker's wagon
With curses and blows for his pay.

I once knew a king of racers,
The best of a cup-winning strain ;
They ruined his knees on a hurdle
For his rider's hat covered no bridle.

I met him again, four years later,
On his side at the foot of a hill,
With two savages kicking his ribs,
And doing their work with a will.

I stroked the once velvety muzzle,
I murmured the old name again.
He once filled my purse with gold dollars ;
And this day I bought him for ten.

His present address is "Sweet Pastures,"
He has nothing to do but to eat ;
Or loaf in the shade of the green velvet grass
And dream of the horses he beat.

Now a dog—well, a dog has a limit ;
After standing all he thinks is his due,
He will pack up his duds some dark evening,
And shine out for scenes which are new.

But a horse, once he's used to his leather,
Is much like the old-fashioned wife ;
He may not be proud of his bargain,
But still he'll be faithful through life.

And I praise the merciful teamster
Who can stand at the bar and say:
"Kind Lord, with the justice I dealt my horse,
Judge Thou my soul to-day."

LIFE.

A BEAUTIFUL PLACARD.

We have had a beautiful placard printed, nine inches by five, containing our Society's seal and two cuts and the following in large print, which we will cheerfully send to those who will put them up where they will do good :—

If you have any pity for suffering horses—
Don't ride in any vehicle drawn by a poor-looking horse,
Or employ an expressman or teamster who drives one.
Don't ride behind a docked horse, or one tightly checked, if you can help it.

GEO. T. ANGELL,

President of the American Humane Education Society, the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and the Parent American Band of Mercy, 19 Milk Street, Boston.

"HOLLYHURST."

Among the kind notices of "Hollyhurst" we take this from *The Boston Herald* :—

"OUR GOLD MINE AT HOLLYHURST."

"This is another of the prize stories published in the interests of the American Humane Education Society, that follows in the wake of 'Black Beauty,' and is qualified to stir the hearts of its readers in promoting the feeling of kindness and justice toward dumb brutes; a power in demanding the recognition of the rights of those who cannot protect themselves. It is a story that will be productive of good wherever it goes, and it cannot be too widely circulated."

THE CHILDREN.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

When the lessons and tasks are all ended,
And the school for the day is dismissed,
And the little ones gather around me
To bid me good night and be kissed;
Oh, the little white arms that encircle
My neck in a tender embrace !
Oh, the smiles that are halos of heaven,
Shedding sunshine of love on my face !

And when they are gone, I sit dreaming
Of my childhood too lovely to last;
Of love, that my heart will remember
When it wakes to the pulse of the past ;
Ere the world and wickedness made me
A partner of sorrow and sin,
When the glory of God was about me,
And the glory of gladness within.

Oh ! the heart grows weak as a woman's,
And the fountain of feelings will flow,
When I think of the paths steep and stony
Where the feet of the dear ones must go;
Of the mountains of sin hanging o'er them,
Of the tempest of fate blowing wild;
Oh, there's nothing on earth half so holy
As the innocent heart of a child.

They are idols of hearts and of households,
They are angels of God in disguise,
His sunlight still sleeps in their tresses,
His glory still gleams in their eyes;
Oh, these truants from home and from
heaven,
They have made me more manly and mild,
And I know how Jesus could liken
The kingdom of God to a child.



From "Cat Journal," Palmyra, N. Y.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Long ago in the olden day,
On a slope of the Tuscan hills there lay
A village with quarries all around,
And blocks of marble that piled the ground ;
And scattered among them, everywhere,
With wedge and hammer, rule and square,
With the dust of the marble powdered white,
Sat masons who chiseled from morn to night.

The earliest sound that the baby heard
Was neither the whistle nor song of bird,
Nor bleating of lambs, nor rush of breeze
Through the tops of the tall old chestnut trees,
Nor the laughing of girls, nor the whoop and shout
Of the school at the convent just let out,
Nor the tinkle of water plashing sweet
From the dolphin's mouth in the village street.

But foremost and first that sharp and clear
Arrested the little Michael's ear,
When he waked from sleep was the mallet's knock
On the chisel that chipped the rough-hewn block ;
From the dawn of the day till the twilight came,
The clink of the tools was still the same ;
And, constant as fell the fountain's drip,
Was the tap-tap-tap ! and the chip-chip-chip !

And when he could crawl beyond the door
Of the cottage, in search of a plaything more,
Or farther could venture, a prying lad,
What toys do you think were the first he had ?—
Why, splinters of marble, white and pure,
And a mallet to break them with, be sure,
And a chisel to shape them, should he choose,
Just such as he saw the masons use.

So Michael, the baby, had his way,
And hammered and chipped and would not play
With the simple and common sort of toys
That pleased the rest of the village boys.
They laughed at the little churches he
Would daily build at his nurse's knee ;
They scouted the pictures that he drew
On the smooth white slabs with a coal or two ;
They taunted and teased him when he tried
To mold from the rubbish cast aside
Bude figures, and screamed " Sculitori ! " when
His bits of marble he shaped like men.

But who of them dreamed his mallet's sound
Would ever be heard the earth around ?
Or his mimic churches in time become
The mightiest temples of Christendom ?
Or the pictures he painted fill the dome
Of the Sistine—grandest of sights in Rome ?
Or the village baby that chiseled so
Be the marvellous Michael Angelo !

Receipts by the M. S. P. C. A. for July, 1903.
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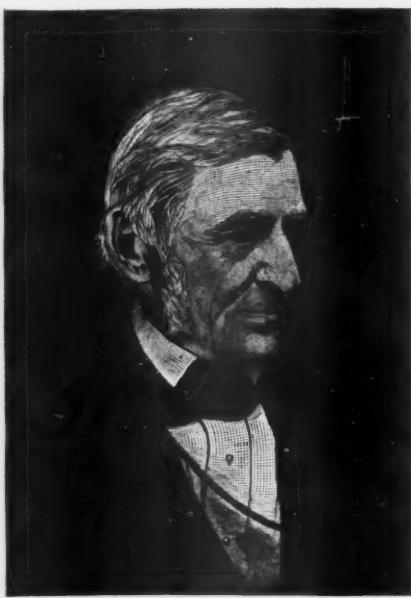
COULD USE HIM.

(From the Chicago Tribune.)

"Do you know," said the pretty girl, addressing the strange young man on the opposite seat in the street car, who had been staring at her impudently for several minutes, "you put me so much in mind of my brother?"

"Do I?" he responded, with a killing smile. "I am delighted to hear it."

"Yes; you make me wish he was here for just about one minute."



R. Waldo Emerson

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